cEscalation

Post Office leaves plastic bag I fill
with cans. *Chef Boyardee Cheese*
Ravioli as an example.

Fought poverty before, this
time blessedly not mine.

Thus achieve another star
in my haughty Crown? Hope
weighty enough to impress

St Peter! Or he’ll indicate
the **Down Escalator**
“Must it go so fast?”

His white-robed nod then
full of seething sarcasm!

(Heaven mostly satire,
but you knew that.)